

Hof. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Mounseur Mock-water.

Cai. Mock-water? vat is dat?

Hof. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-water as de Englishman: scurvy-lack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

Hof. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hof. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe lookt hee shall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hof. And I will prouoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, (Bully) but first, Mr. Ghueft, and M. Page, & ecke Canaleiro Slender, goe you through the Towne to Frogmore.

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Hof. He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a lack-an-Ape to Anne Page.

Hof. Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through Frogmore, I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt wooe he r: Cride-game, said I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I shall procure a you de good Guest: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hof. For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell said.

Hof. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, Iack Rugby.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Evans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Caius, Rugby.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slenders serving-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way haue you look'd for Master Caius, that calls himselfe Doctor of Philosophie?

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: euey way: olde Windsor way, and euey way but the Towne-way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will sir.

Evans. Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues costard, when I haue good opportunities for the orke: Plesse my soule: To shallow Ruiners to whose fulls: melodious Birds sing Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shallow: Mercie on mee, I haue a great disposition to cry.

Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: — When as I sat in Pavilion: and a thousand vagrant Posies. To shallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh. Hee's welcome: To shallow Ruiners, to whose fulls: Heaven prosper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Frogmore, out of the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good Sir Hugh: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slender. Ah sweet Anne Page.

Page. Saue you, good Sir Hugh.

Evans. Plesse you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?

Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day?

Evans. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parson.

Evans. Pery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) haue receiued wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you saw.

Shal. I haue liued foure-score yeeres, and upward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of his owne respec.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor Caius the renowned French Physician.

Evans. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knaue besides: a cowardly knaue, as you would desire to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Slender. O sweet Anne Page.

Shal. It appears so by his weapons: keepe them a funder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hof. Disarme them, and let them question: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Cai. I pray you let a-mee speake a word with your care; wherefore vill you not meet-a-me?

Evans. Pray you vse your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de lack dog: Iohn Ape.

Evans. Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinall about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. Diabls: Iack Rugby: mine Hof de Iarteer: hane I not stay for him, to kill him? hane I not at deplace I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed. He bee iudgement by mine Hof of the Garter.

Hof. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaule, French & Wolob, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I.

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellent.

Hof. Peace, I say: heare mine Hof of the Garter, Am I politioke? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiuell?

Shall I loose my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir Hugh? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbs. Giue me thy hand (Celestiall) so: Boyes of Art, I haue decei'd you both: I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnies are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their swords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Hof: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slender. O sweet Anne Page.

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-fot of vs, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-stog: I desire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this same scall-scurvy-cogging-companion the Hof of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is Anne Page: by gar he deceiue me too.

Evans. Well, I will imite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hof, Evans, Caius.

Mist. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarf.

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'll be a Ford. Well met mistress Page, whether go you?

M. Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name?

Rob. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Ford. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

M. Pa. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my Goodman, and he: is your Wife at home indeed?

M. Pa. By your leave sir, I am sicke till I see her.

Ford. Has Page any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vse of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee peeces out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly, motion and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaffe boy with her: A man may heare this shiowre sing in the winde; and Falstaffe boy with her: good plots, they are laide; and our reuolted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-seeming Mist. Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and

wilfull Alceon, and to the neighbors shall cry aime, and my assurance bids me: I shall be rather prais'd: it is as possitiue, as the e there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well n Ford. Trust me, a good home, and I pray you all g

Shal. I must excuse my

Slender. And so must I Si

We haue appointed to di

And I would not breake w

Then he speake of.

Shal. We haue linger'd

Page, and my cozen Slender

our answer.

Slender. I hope I haue you

Page. You haue Mr. Slender

But my wife (Mr. Doctor)

Cai. I be-gar, and de M

a-Quickly tell me so much

Hof. What say you to

he dances, he has eies of y

speakes holliday, he times

he will carry't, 'tis in his bu

Page. Not by my consen

man is of no haueing, hee ke

Prince, and Points: he is of

too much: no, hee shall no

with the finger of my subst

take her simply: the wealth

and my consent goes not th

Ford. I beseech you hea

with me to dinner: besides

sport, I will shew you a mo

go, so shall you Mr. Page, and

Shal. Well, fare you well

We shall haue the freer wo

Cai. Go home Iohn Rugby

Hof. Farewell my hearts

Falstaffe, and drinke Canarie

Ford. I thinke I shall dr

him, he make him dance.

All. Haue with you, to s

Scena Tertia.

Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Cai

Ford, Page, Cai

Mist. Ford. What Iohn, w

M. Page. Quickly, quick

Mist. Ford. I warrant. W

Mist. Page. Come, come,

Mist. Ford. Heere, set it d

M. Page. Giue your men th

M. Ford. Marrie, as I tol

be ready here hard-by in the

dainly call you, come forth,

staggering) take this basket

trudge with it in all haste, an

sters in Dorchet Mead, and th

ditch, close by the Thames s

M. Page. You will do it

M. Ford. I ha told them o